Vulnerability

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Vulnerability

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 4: Spanking + Dacryphilia (Crying).

He shut his eyes tightly, took a deep breath. He felt more than the sum of these minor pains. Used to enduring much worse, and yet never with his armor removed. And he certainly was not used to having someone else witness it.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Hannibal's pain tolerance had become an obstacle in itself. He had spent significant time learning how to withdraw from pain, blocking it out almost entirely, and while that had been useful to him throughout his life—it was certainly a blessing when he was under Mason's care and had to endure a branding, for example—it was considerably less convenient when he and Will were experimenting with pain play. He consistently found himself not responding at all to mild pain, while struggling not to automatically withdraw from anything that felt more severe—a mental obstacle that simply resulted in further distraction from the pain. Which, of course, somewhat defeated the point.

Will had been the one to suggest spanking. It was one thing Hannibal had initially ruled out as an option, not appreciating the infantile undertones; however, frustration after frustration led him to admit that the increased intimacy of the position was more likely to keep him weighted in the present moment. So he agreed, and subsequently found himself naked and bent over Will's knees with his ass spanked pink.

As anticipated, the position gave him mixed feelings, but once he settled into it, the sense of physical vulnerability was not unpleasant. Will's hand had not been heavy enough to feel more than sensual, and he found himself relatively unmoved by it. But when Will turned to the paddle and made the first heavy hit across his ass, the room blinked in and out of focus as his inner shields raised, then quickly lowered when he felt himself slide a bit on Will's knee and braced himself. He was present for the afterburn, and his attention shifted more fully to the world around him.

The next smack was harsh—Will knew he had to go heavy to draw a response from Hannibal, and in this case it was enough. He gasped slightly.

"You feel that?" Will asked, sounding surprised.

"Yes."

"Good. Stay with me."

The paddle fell again with a *thwack*. Hannibal's body twitched and he again felt himself begin to reject the sensation, the doors of his mind closing themselves. But then Will made a soft hushing noise and rubbed Hannibal's back with his free hand. The touch made him shiver and settle back into the physical world, and something in his chest clenched at the sensation.

Another, cracking loud in the quiet of the room, and he felt it fully, the flash of pain and the long burn in its wake. He felt Will's hand move across his inflamed skin in a gesture that was just a bit too sexual to feel like it was meant to soothe. He moaned at the thought of Will gaining pleasure from his pain, and pressed back into the sensation. This seemed to spark something in Will, whose next move was more aggressively dominant—his hand dug into Hannibal's hair and kept his head pressed down as another blow fell, and another, and one more that made Hannibal gasp and shudder, overloaded by sensation. The pain was present, but so was Will's dominance, and the hand sunken into his hair felt almost reassuring. Hannibal didn't have to choose how to respond; didn't have to take responsibility. He let that

responsibility shift into Will's hands and felt the ease of his muscles as the last vestiges of control slipped away from him.

He made a soft sound as the cool paddle dragged over his burning skin, a tease. Flexed the muscles along his spine. Tried not to squirm. And Will's voice came, quiet but firm. "You're doing well. Just let go."

A hand settled on his lower back with a bit of pressure. Will hit him again, lower, taps to the back of each thigh that were lighter, but made the sensitive skin there sting.

Higher, hitting right where the previous blows had overlapped, now so sensitive, and he was surprised by how deeply he felt the pain, how loud the noise that came from his mouth was. He shut his eyes tightly, took a deep breath. He felt more than the sum of these minor pains. Used to enduring much worse, and yet never with his armor removed. And he certainly was not used to having someone else witness it.

Will smoothed his hand up between Hannibal's shoulder blades. "Doing okay?"

He nodded, shifted slightly. "Just… an unusual experience. Having someone bear witness to this."

"Are you enjoying it?"

He had to consider that for a moment—he felt exposed in several ways, but not all of them were uncomfortable, and he was enjoying the intensity of the experience even as he had to suppress an urge to escape from it. "Yes. Please, continue."

Will hummed in consideration. Then Hannibal felt the slap of his bare hand, striking across the same vulnerable skin as the paddle. A huff of breath escaped him. Shock. It was much more intense than when they had begun; Will's hand felt more of a weapon now with his flesh already sore. It hurt more than he expected, and elicited something that the paddle had not—something more intimate.

Will struck again with his hand, and Hannibal's breaths fell heavier. It was ensnaring, it was…

Another pair of slaps, aimed low and angled up to cause a ripple across his rear. He was hyperaware of how the movement would look to Will's eyes, and he groaned, pulling his arms closer to himself for support.

Will hesitated before the next. Hannibal knew this was more of him than Will was used to witnessing, and it must be a strange experience in some ways. But he wanted to continue, he *wanted* Will to see it, no matter the raw feeling it left him with.

"Please," he whispered.

And Will sucked in a breath. He gave a blow to each cheek. Alternated between lighter and harder strokes, and kept one hand flat on his back.

Hannibal felt his thighs begin to tremble after the next. Another, and his head thrashed like a restless horse, and Will massaged the nape of his neck to calm him.

“We can stop here,” Will said.

“No.” A snarl passed over his face, and he realized he didn’t know where it came from, or what particular emotion had now floated to the surface. “I want you to keep going.”

Will’s fingers brushed feather-light over his smarting skin. He was silent for a short while, tracing patterns with the pads and nails of his fingers. “Until what?”

“Until…” He didn’t know. There was something inside of him, a knot that needed to be pried apart. He felt on the verge of some occurrence that was amorphous and unrecognizable, but undeniable, and he needed to reach it. “Until I’m ready.”

“You know your safe word.”

It wasn’t a question, but he felt compelled to acknowledge it. “Yes.”

“Okay.”

And Will resumed. Gently at first, small slaps that caught him off-guard with their softness—it made him feel like the spanking was an act of care, a kindness, and it would have made him grit his teeth in resentment if he wasn’t in this state veering between still and trembling. As it was, it felt nice. Sweet. Something strange and cloying took shape in his chest that made him feel much younger than he was, and he nuzzled against Will’s leg. Allowed the alien sensation to wash over him, immerse him in a different state of mind.

And then the heavier blows resumed, sharp smacks echoing off the walls—and he was unprepared, his shell fallen from his back. Each one sent pain and burning right through him, a sensation warring with the softness he felt.

And the noises he made grew longer, and less distinct, and his breaths came sharply.

And with one sharp smack across both cheeks, he felt the knot inside him split open.

He gasped. Blinked, repeatedly, and found the world blurred.

“Will,” he said, though the word was choked.

It wasn’t his safe word, because at the moment he couldn't fathom why he should say any word other than Will's name, when what he felt was not bad—just something overwhelming enough to need Will's attention. But Will immediately knew what he needed and stilled his hand on Hannibal’s trembling body, reached and brushed hair from Hannibal’s face. Drew a breath that stuttered on the inhale.

His fingers stroked across the dampness on Hannibal’s cheek, and Hannibal leaned into the contact, rubbing his face against Will’s hand.

“C’mere,” Will said softly. “Sit up.”

And Hannibal did, unsteadily, moving back until he was sitting on the bed beside Will. But then he curled forward again, wrapping himself around Will so his head could rest on Will's lap.

Will pet his hair gently, and another arm wrapped around his back and held him close. It felt good. Comforting. Oddly beautiful in contrast to the lingering burn on his rear. It didn't take him long to stop shaking.

"Was that the thing you were waiting for?"

"I think so." His voice was quiet; it felt like he could barely speak. "I wanted to feel the edge of that sensation. That barrier, crumbling. Wanted to feel you without it."

He closed his eyes and focused on the feeling of Will's hands on his skin. He had seen the great violence they were capable of, firsthand, and yet here they were cradling him, soothing his distress.

Will swiped a finger gently under his eye, gathering wetness from his lashes. "Did you like what you felt?"

"Yes." Will sounded steady and supportive, but Hannibal couldn't quite bring himself to look him in the eyes to gauge his response. "And you? Hardly what you signed up for."

"No, it wasn't. But I don't mind. I…" Hannibal could feel the indecisive twitch of Will's hand on his back, before he formulated his next words. "You never let me see you like this, or take care of you. And I like it."

Hannibal felt a small twinge of discomfort when he saw himself through Will's eyes in this particular state. But Will's fingers massaged lightly into his scalp and it eased, replaced by a pleasant tingle spreading down his back.

And Will said, quite softly: "Thank you for showing me."

End Notes

Submissive Hannibal is always so complex to write and I feel like I cut some corners here to keep it a manageable size for Kinktober, but I still quite enjoyed working on this one, and I hope the characterization doesn't read too messy.

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